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CONJUGAL LIFE.

THOUGH matrimony is considered at all times a fair subject for gentle mirth, and often becomes the object of positive sarcasm and ridicule, in how different a light do men, after all, seriously regard it! Even while the jest quivers on our lips, how easily could a moment's reflection bring us to prostrate ourselves gratefully before it, not only as a great regulating influence in society, but as the direct source of many of our own best affections and enjoyments! Whether we may ourselves have contracted its obligations, which of us has not at least to thank it for a father's protection, for a mother's kindness? Have our early years been passed in the bosom of a happy and honourable family, to what but this are we to attribute the blessing? Are we still happy to look upon the hoary heads of living parents, or do we feel ourselves better and purer as we muse with pious tenderness upon their graves, from what but a consecrated union have these inestimable privileges of the heart been derived? Do we now rejoice in the friendship of brothers and sisters, who would cheerfully subject themselves to suffering rather than see us suffer, and form with us an united band for breasting with more strength a world's tempestuous waters, to what but this are we indebted for our good fortune? Again, to what else are we to ascribe that, at the distance of half the globe, in some American or Australian wilderness, or perhaps in some lonely vessel ploughing the waves of the pole, there may exist kinsmen whom no distance can sever from our hearts, but whose reciprocal love, wafted by a fragile sheet over thousands of intervening miles, and awakening recollections of early days when the hand was often grasped, and united families sported on the same hearth, can raise in us emotions far above even those which attend considerable triumphs and advantages? How more comforting and refining still the long train of circumstances and feelings which may flow from this bond to those who have themselves undertaken it! Hence comes, first of all, the felicity of wedded love—that best of friendships, which, by a duplication of the individual, allows of a perpetual self-ministration with the glory of self-abandonment, taking from the love of praise the stamp of vanity, from self-esteem the odium of pride, and from the desire of fortune all taint of sordidness. Hence comes the gushing fondness which brings the heart to the lips in blessings upon the head of a beloved child—hence the grateful, though subdued joy, with which, in life's latest hours, we receive the unwearied attentions of those who have been around us since it dawned to them. Hence the more than sunny splendour of humble firesides, the happiness of fully developed affections, the honour of well-spent years, unmarked by the anguish of a self-accusing thought. Hence, indeed, the better part of all that renders this world a scene tolerable to the good.

These remarks are made for the purpose of introducing some notice of the conjugal history of Sir Richard Steele, so celebrated as the originator of elegant periodical literature. Sir Richard possessed many of the finest properties of humanity, vigorous talents, warm affections, and a mind not only itself inclined to goodness, but animated by the desire of making better his fellow-creatures. He was such a man as all love, and really could boast of more friends and fewer enemies than almost any other author of his time. But he was improvident and rash, and, though hardly at any time without a large income, never knew ease of circumstances, or the delightful consciousness of being free from debt. He was also, after the manner of the age, addicted to convivial pleasures, and, in following out the avocations of what was then called "a man

upon town," probably fell far short of that standard of conduct which even a wife of those days would desire to see realised in her husband. Whatever might be the imprudence of Steele, there are few things in the whole range of our national biography more truly gratifying to an amiable spirit, than the relation in which, from first to last, he appears towards his wife. In a letter to her before marriage, he says—"As I know no reason why difference of sex should make our language to each other differ from the ordinary rules of right reason, I shall use plainness and sincerity in my discourse to you, as much as other lovers do perplexity and rapture. Instead of saying 'I shall die for you,' I profess I should be glad to lead my life with you. You are as beautiful, as witty, as prudent, and as good-humoured, as any woman breathing; but I regard all these excellences as you will please to direct them for my happiness or misery. With me, madam, the only lasting motive to love is the hope of its becoming mutual. . . . All great passion makes us dumb; and the highest happiness, as well as the greatest grief, seizes us too violently to be expressed by words. . . . To know so much pleasure with so much innocence, is, methinks, a satisfaction beyond the present condition of human life; but the union of minds in pure affection is renewing the first state of man. . . . This is an unusual language to ladies; but you have a mind above the giddy notions of a sex ensnared by flattery, and misled by a false and short adoration, into a solid and long contempt. Your soul is as dear to me as my own; and if the advantage of a liberal education, some knowledge, and as much contempt of the world, joined with endeavours towards a life of strict virtue and religion, can qualify me to raise new ideas in a breast so well disposed as yours is, our days will pass away with joy, and instead of introducing melancholy prospects of decay, give us hope of eternal youth in a better life. . . . Let us go on to make our regards to each other mutual and unchangeable; that while the world around us is enchanted with false desires, our persons may be shrines to each other, sacred to conjugal faith, unreserved confidence, and heavenly society."

After their marriage, the distresses arising from his profusion soon began to affect the temper of the lady, though probably to no serious extent. Her husband used playfully to accuse her of an undue estimation of money, and says in one letter, "I have no hopes but by dint of riches to get the government of your ladyship." On another occasion, he relates in print an anecdote of a poor man with a tar neckcloth, who, being informed in a coffeehouse of his having got a prize of ten thousand pounds in the lottery, carefully inquired into the truth of the information, and then taking a half-crown from his pocket, and presenting it to the waiter, coolly observed, "It's all I've got now; but I will call another time, and give you more for your good news." "I speak it sincerely," adds the great essayist: "I had much rather have the temper of this man than his good fortune, for, had it happened to me, alas! I should have given it, like a slave as I am, to a woman who despises me without it." These, however, appear to have been little more than the sportive sallies of a fond husband, in reference to a subject upon which he and his wife practically differed. His love appears to have been too deep-rooted, and his whole nature too gentle, to allow of his commenting with real harshness upon any thing which Lady Steele could either say or do. In his letters to her—letters chiefly written when divided from her by occasional business, and sometimes perhaps by convivial society—he pours forth an affection which could no more have been undeserved on her part, than in-

sincere on his. "There are no words," says he, "to express the tenderness I have for you. Love is too harsh a term for it; but if you knew how my heart aches when you speak an unkind word to me, and springs with joy when you smile upon me, I am sure you would place your glory rather in preserving my happiness, like a good wife, than tormenting me like a peevish beauty." He concludes this epistle, probably written from a tavern in a distant part of London, with these words—"Good Prue, write me word you shall be overjoyed at my return to you, and pity the figure I make when I pretend to resist you, by complying with my reasonable demands. . . . It is in no one's power but Prue's to make me constant in a regular course; therefore will not doubt but you will be very good-humoured, and a constant feast to your affectionate husband. . . . I send you seven penny-worths of walnuts at five a-penny, which is the greatest proof I can give you at present of my being, with my whole heart, yours,
RICHARD STEELE.

P.S. There are but twenty-nine walnuts."

To this address there seems to have been received an answer of the kind prayed for, and the reply is as follows:—

"DEAR, DEAR PRUE—Your pretty letter, and so much good nature and kindness, which I received yesterday, is a perfect pleasure to me. . . . I am, dear Prue, a little in drink, but at all times your faithful husband,
RICHARD STEELE."

At the end of seven years, he is found thus ardently yet delicately renewing his protestations of affection, and summing up the obligations which she had conferred upon him:—

"MADAM—To have either wealth, wit, or beauty, is generally a temptation to a woman to put an unreasonable value upon herself; but with all these, in a degree which drew upon you the addresses of men of the amplest fortunes, you bestowed your person where you could have no expectations but from the gratitude of the receiver, though you knew he could exert that gratitude in no other returns but esteem and love. For which must I first thank you? for what you have denied yourself, or for what you have bestowed on me?

I owe to you, that for my sake you have overlooked the prospect of living in pomp and plenty, and I have not been circumspect enough to preserve you from care and sorrow. I will not dwell upon this particular; you are so good a wife, that I know you think I rob you of more than I can give, when I say any thing in your favour to my own disadvantage.

Whoever should see or hear you, would think it were worth leaving all the world for you: while I, habitually possessed of that happiness, have been throwing away impotent endeavours for the rest of mankind, to the neglect of her for whom any other man, in his senses, would be apt to sacrifice every thing else.

I know not by what unreasonable prepossession it is, but methinks there must be something austere to give authority to wisdom; and I cannot account for having rallied many reasonable sentiments of yours, but that you are too beautiful to appear judicious.

One may grow fond, but not wise, from what is said by so lovely a counsellor. Hard fate! that you have been lessened by your perfections, and lost power by your charms!

That ingenuous spirit in all your behaviour, that familiar grace in your words and actions, has for this seven years only inspired admiration and love; but experience has taught me, the best counsel I ever have received has been pronounced by the fairest and soft

est lips, and convinced me that I am in you blest with a wise friend, as well as a charming mistress.

Your mind shall no longer suffer by your person; nor shall your eyes, for the future, dazzle me into a blindness towards your understanding. I rejoice to show my esteem for you, and must do you the justice to say, that there can be no virtue represented in the female world, which I have not known you exert, as far as the opportunities of your fortune have given you leave. Forgive me, that my heart overflows with love and gratitude for daily instances of your prudent economy, the just disposition you make of your little affairs, your cheerfulness in dispatch of them, your prudent forbearance of any reflections, that they might have needed less vigilance had you disposed of your fortune suitably; in short, for all the arguments you every day give me of a generous and sincere affection.

It is impossible for me to look back on many evils and pains which I have suffered since we came together, without a pleasure which is not to be expressed, from the proofs I have had, in those circumstances, of your unwearied goodness. How often has your tenderness removed pain from my sick head! how often anguish from my afflicted heart! With how skillful patience have I known you comply with the vain projects which pain has suggested, to have an aching limb removed by journeying from one side of a room to another! how often, the next instant, travelled the same ground again, without telling your patient it was to no purpose to change his situation! If there are such beings as guardian angels, thus are they employed. I will no more believe one of them more good in its inclinations, than I can conceive it more charming in its form, than my wife.

I will end this without so much as mentioning your little flock, or your own amiable figure at the head of it. That I think them preferable to all other children, I know is the effect of passion and instinct; that I believe you the best of wives, I know proceeds from experience and reason. I am, madam, your most obliged husband, and most obedient humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE."

We leave these beautiful letters to produce their own effect. Among the married, the spirit which they breathe must tend to make kindness still more kind, and faithfulness still more faithful; while they who are in another and less happy state cannot fail to be impressed with such a sense of the good and gracious feelings which consecrate the conjugal tie, as must tend to hold it up before them in the character of a blessing worthy to be a chief and absorbing object in their lives.

EARLY SEATS OF CIVILISATION.

CASTING our eyes up the stream of time, from the ample page which recounts the history of modern Europe, through the dark and troubled eras of barbarous irruptions, to the Augustan age of Rome, or the times of Cicero and Virgil, we see that nearly two thousand years ago the arts of civilised life had arisen to their greatest height, and had been spread abroad into African and Asiatic countries. But whilst Rome, in her earlier republican times, was merely the seat of a ferocious banditti, the arts and sciences had already reached a distinguished station amongst the refined communities of ancient Greece; and five hundred years before the Christian era, Herodotus had penned the oldest historical record that has descended to us from an uninspired hand. Yet Herodotus has himself related to us, that the seat of learning and of science was not then in Greece, but that, on the banks of the Nile, in the glorious land of Egypt, were those arts cultivated, from which he and the philosophers of Greece received the final polish of an accomplished education. In the temples of Egypt, and in her seminaries of learning, did the enlightened men of Greece receive the great rudiments of knowledge and philosophy, of which they have left such imperishable monuments. Long anterior to the age of Herodotus, whilst Greece was yet a wilderness, Egypt was a mighty nation, a land crowded with magnificent cities, overspread with wondrous works of art, and peopled with millions of civilised and intelligent beings, engaged in the beneficial pursuits which render countries rich and happy. When Abraham visited Egypt, as recorded in the sacred writings, it was the land of plenty, to which all resorted for food in the times of dearth; and previous even to the era of the Father of the Jewish nation, 2100 years before the birth of Christ, were the stupendous buildings called the Pyramids erected, which yet stand in their immensity a convincing spectacle of the great acquirements of the Egyptians four thousand years ago. But whilst these indestructible monuments persuade us of the application of great mechanical powers based on the most philosophical principles, amongst this ancient people, their progress in manufactures, in the weaving of fine linen, as stated to us on the authority of the inspired author of the Pentateuch, must satisfy the reflecting mind, that they were at an early period equally distinguished for the exercise of ingenuity and

industry, and for the possession of those institutions which mark the advancement of social improvement.* Therefore, at an age when our Europe, now so cultivated and adorned, was either an uninhabited desert, or besprinkled with roving savages, Egypt was a fruitful, thriving country, enriched by agriculture, commerce, and manufactures; and under the protection of wise and beneficent laws, its sages were pursuing their calm inquiries in the abstruse and subtle walks of philosophy.

If we thus identify Egypt as the cradle of arts and of civilisation to the western world, we are compelled to admit, that, from Ethiopia, a country more inland, farther up the Nile, Egypt possibly derived its national existence, and certainly its first tincture of knowledge. The Greek historians assure us of the fact, which an inspection of the actual circumstances of this African country, added to our knowledge of the extensive alluvial deposits of the Nile, leads us to receive as in great part true, that Egypt is the gift of the Nile, and that, in its annual inundations, it has swept down the soil of the lands through which it passes; and from such accumulatedavings has Egypt been reared into a land of fruitfulness. If, then, in the lapse of ages, Abyssinia and Ethiopia have been impoverished to form and fatten the soil of Egypt, it is a matter of greater certainty that the earliest seat of civilisation, of which we can have any trace in the history of the world, was in the ancient kingdom of Ethiopia, and at Meroe, its celebrated capital. Before Egypt, perhaps, had been rescued from the sea, and certainly previous to her possession of knowledge, Ethiopia was engaged in an extensive commerce with the peninsula of India, and in the intercourse with the inhabitants upon the Indus and the Ganges, acquired or increased the stores of knowledge, of which we have such undoubted records. Not only in the lines of Homer do we learn that Ethiopia was a great kingdom in the period of the Trojan war, but, in the sacred writings, there is frequent mention of her kings and countless hosts. Wars, likewise, were early maintained between Egypt and Ethiopia, in which each country was by turns subject to the other; but about 770 years before Christ, Ethiopia established and held for fifty years dominion in Egypt. Two kings of the Ethiopian dynasty in Egypt are mentioned in holy writ, So and Tirhakah, respectively engaged in the defence of the Israelites against the kings of Assyria.† Recent discoveries of inscriptions on temples at Thebes in Egypt, and at Gibel-el-Birlel in Ethiopia, have proved beyond dispute the existence of these various kings mentioned in scripture; and it is an observation not less gratifying than correct, that the insights which the interpretation of the hieroglyphics cut upon the ancient monuments of both countries has given into their histories, confirm in every instance the particulars recorded of either of them in the incidental accounts of the inspired writers.

Of Ethiopia, in her palmy days of civilisation and of glory, we have no regular historical account, and it is only in the writers of other nations that we form an idea of her former grandeur and magnificence. The priests of Egypt always venerated the sages of Ethiopia as their first instructors in the cultivation of letters, and in the religious ceremonies common to them both. Meroe was its capital city, probably the first city in the world, and the birthplace of the arts and sciences. Under such an inspiring view is this most ancient place presented to us, and recommended to our notice. It was seated on the banks of the Nile, on a large island, and from the town of Syene, or the first cataracts of the Nile, which is the southern boundary of Egypt, distant by the direct route about five hundred and sixty miles, but following the sinuosities of the river, about eight hundred and fifty. Of this celebrated city, so far away from the haunts of civilised Europe, only the ruins are now found, leaving it almost a matter of doubt where its site was in truth placed. But the Pyramids still remain—those gigantic creations of these remote nations, baffling equally the destroying hand of time, and the attacks of barbarous or civilised invaders. Of these stupendous monuments of departed ages, eighty are grouped in the plain of Meroe; and though they are not of such amazing magnitude as those at Gizeh in Egypt, they are distinguished for a more perfect beauty in the architectural design. On the east side of each of these pyramids is a portion, on the walls of which are carved sculpture and hieroglyphics, in the same manner as on the walls of the Egyptian temples, generally having reference to some mythological subject, whereby the identity of the religious belief in the two countries, as well as of their architectural taste, is fully proved. Every thing, in fact, bespeaks the perfect similarity which existed between the ancient Egyptians and Ethiopians, and probably the truth of what Diodorus Siculus states, that "the Ethiopians describe the Egyptians as one of their colonies led into Egypt by Osiris." Of the uses to which those extraordinary piles of building, the Pyramids, were applied, either in Egypt or Ethiopia, seems still a matter of question, though their principal

* See Wealth of Nations, vol. i. p. 17, where Adam Smith enumerates the various trades which must contribute their different labours to the production even of a coarse woollen coat. Thus the assured fact of a manufacture of fine linen in Egypt in the days of Moses, is a sufficient commentary on the progress of its inhabitants in arts and sciences. "We should be sensible," says Smith, "that without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilised country could not be provided, even according to what we very falsely imagine the easy and simple manner in which he is usually accommodated." † 2d Kings, chap. 17, 10.

object was doubtless to afford a safe asylum to the corpses of their kings, which, according to the prevalent belief, were to be re-animated by the soul after a lapse of three thousand years. Such are the imperishable records which reveal to us the greatness of Meroe in times when the western world was immersed in utter barbarism; and not only from the gigantic structures themselves, but also from the elegance of the sculpture which is found upon their porticoes, may we draw the clearest inference of the progress made by its ancient people in the arts that spring from and adorn civilisation.

Farther south from Meroe, two days' journey in the desert from the banks of the Nile, are situated the ruins of an immense edifice, now called Wady-el-Owath, but no object or date can be with any certainty applied to the desolated fabric. The plans of extensive courts and chambers, lying within a circuit of 2850 feet, with the remains of columns richly sculptured, have been described by recent travellers, who exhibit in a singular manner the fanciful theories which are formed in their heated imaginations, and how plausibly their different conclusions can be supported, to the great confusion both of learned and unlearned readers. M. Caillaud, a Frenchman, maintains, with prodigious volubility, that this great edifice was a college of priests; Herr Heeren, a German, argues, with infinite learning, that it was the original oracle of Jupiter Ammon, which has so long defied discovery; whilst Mr Hoskins, an Englishman, very stoutly asserts that it was a hunting-seat of the kings of Ethiopia. As no inscriptions appear to have been found in these extensive ruins, the nature of the building of which they are the sad relics, will probably remain for ever a mystery, and will doubtless give rise to many more learned conclusions on the subject.

Returning down the Nile, towards the north, on each of its banks are found numerous memorials of the advanced state of the arts in the kingdom of Ethiopia. At Gibel-el-Birlel, which has been considered the site of the capital of the country in the time of Augustus, the first Roman emperor, then called Napata, are the remains of some splendid temples, as well as of pyramids. One of these temples has become of the very greatest consequence, as containing the dedicatory inscription of the king Tirhakah, who was also king of Egypt, and is mentioned in the second book of Chronicles, whose name had been previously rejected from out the list of Egyptian monarchs. At Nouri, in the island of Argo, at Soleh, Semnah, Toumbos, and Amarah, are the architectural remains of a great and civilised people, whose peculiar style of building, in which elegance was sometimes made to give place to vastness, proves it to have been original. But re-animating these monumental skeletons, re-erecting the dilapidated palaces and temples, again planting on their lofty pedestals the colossal statues and gigantic columns which lie broken and crumbling around, we may figure to our minds the glories of a land, which, after thousands of years, after various destructive irruptions of exterminating conquerors, still give token of the might and wealth of Ethiopia in her ancient days. If, tearing ourselves from a view of the degraded and desolate condition in which the country is now sunk, we people her departed cities with their myriads of busy merchants, artisans, and manufacturers, bring back to her halls and temples her famous kings and her enlightened priests, look upon her plains covered with the marks of successful agriculture, and listen to the shouts of triumph with which her myriads of soldiers rent the air, we may withdraw from the remotest antiquity, and again picture to ourselves in all its splendour, the most early and one of the most renowned of the nations which occupy the page of history.

It appears that Ethiopia, in very remote antiquity, was famous for her gold mines, which were worked to the great profit of her people. Remains of these mines of the precious mineral are still to be seen in the Great Desert of Nubia, in the Dilet-el-Doom, or Valley of the Shade of the Dooms, and at Absah, where the ruins of the habitations of the workmen show the existence of extensive colonies planted at an early age in these desert regions, for the purpose of working and purifying the inestimable ore. The inquiries of Mr Bonomi, and other travellers, leave little doubt that these mines are now exhausted, and that they will be unproductive even to the enterprising rapacity of the present pasha of Egypt, the conqueror and possessor of the country.

A few years before the commencement of the Christian era, in the reign of Augustus Caesar, an expedition of Roman legions left Egypt under Petronius to invade Ethiopia, then under the sway of a famous queen called Candace. She resided in her capital city called Napata; but her troops, unable to bear up against the discipline and tactics of the soldiers of Rome, were soon defeated in the field, and Petronius became possessor of the great city of Napata, which, in the true spirit of a barbarian, he sacked and razed with the ground. But this incursion of the Romans seems to have been merely predatory, since no settlement was made in the country, and Ethiopia never ranked as a Roman province. In the reign of Claudius, and shortly after the Christian era, the chief officer of another queen Candace of Ethiopia was converted to Christianity; and this distant kingdom became one of the earliest to embrace the doctrines of the true religion. How great was the progress of the Christian faith down the southern course of the Nile, is sufficiently

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marked by the remains of churches and chapels found at numerous places on the banks of the river. The patriarch of Alexandria held sway over the Ethiopian church, and even into Abyssinia were missionaries sent to spread the lights of the gospel; but if the efforts of the early Christians were unremitted in the great duties of conversion and instruction, their zeal at a subsequent period cooled and grew lax, for the Ethiopian and Abyssinian Christians languished for want of pastors; and although, in 1153, they yet professed Christianity, it was a faith more nominal than real. When Mahomet spread his doctrines amongst the Arabs, and his besotted followers carried them at the point of the sword into Egypt and other countries, Islamism gradually supplanted Christianity in the southern Africa; and when the bigoted caliphs of Mecca carried their arms into Ethiopia, they pursued the like principles of extermination to her monuments and her faith. Thus, in Ethiopia, where the mythological system was first invented and taught, where the worship of Isis and Osiris was paid in temples of matchless splendour and Titanian vastness, has the baneful and deadening influence of the Koran been exercised, and, like every country in which its wretched dogmas have been taught, has it relapsed into the desert and barbarous region from which it probably first emerged nearly fifty centuries ago, to reach a height of glory and power, the exciting object of emulation to the surrounding people, and the germ of civilisation to the world beyond.

If, therefore, we turn our eyes from the consideration of the bygone splendour of the Ethiopians, tear ourselves from the delightful associations with which the recollections of the country tune in the reflecting mind, we behold this far-famed land now sunk into the degrading condition of a Turkish province. Ignorance has again resumed her sway, and oppression lacerates its very vitals. Mahomet Ali, whose name has become so famous in the East as the redoubted pasha of Egypt, as he whose turbulent spirit has repelled the sovereignty of the divan at Constantinople, is now the master of the ancient Ethiopia, and, by his subordinate officers stationed in every village, wrings from the wretched natives an immense tribute, which, to the utter impoverishment of the country, is poured into his coffers to support the contest with his titular superior, the great sultan of Turkey. But if the conquest of Ethiopia, by Mahomet Ali, has tended to the misfortune of its inhabitants, it has had the good effect of opening up those regions filled with the records of countless ages, to the enterprising spirit of European travellers, who now, armed with the firman of the pasha, may journey up the Nile and under the broiling sun of the Tropic of Cancer, push on to where the Nile divides itself into two great streams, the Blue and the White Rivers; upon the former of which he may visit Sennar, the capital of an extensive kingdom, and in his extended journey may loll in his river-boat, or bestride his dromedary, with as much composure and security as in a tour to the Highlands of Scotland. Such is the present state of Ethiopia, and its regeneration from out the slough of barbarism will probably require a greater lapse of time than in the more youthful age of the world. In the meantime, it recommends itself as the nurse of that civilisation of which we feel the inestimable benefits and results.

JEAN ANDRE.

In a small village or hamlet, which lay at the foot of one of the ranges of the Jura Alps, lived the wife of a soldier and her three children. She was extremely poor, and it required the utmost exertion of herself, assisted by Jean, her eldest boy, to attain the merest necessities of life for herself and little ones. Her husband, Jacques Andre, was away in the wars, fighting for glory and France, and she was of course entitled to receive a small portion of his pay in his absence; but owing to some irregularity in her papers, she had not yet obtained any assistance from this source. Anxiety for the safety of her dear Jacques was added to her other miseries; she knew that he was brave to rashness, and panted with intense eagerness to distinguish himself. This, combined with the dreadful trade of war, especially under Napoleon, who, it was well known, never spared his soldiers, gave to the poor lone woman incalculable misery. Jean was her only comfort and support, and indeed he was a noble boy. He was at this time nearly thirteen, but he was capable of enduring greater fatigue than youths generally are at four years older. Nimble as the mountain goat, and almost as hardy, with a spirit that nothing could exhaust, he toiled from morning till night, that he might add another crust to their scanty meal, and cheer his mother's drooping spirits. Were the goats to be milked, away bounded Jean to their haunts among loftiest precipices, with the agility of a chamois, coaxed the shy animals to him by expressive cries, and, having obtained the milk, would descend, barefooted as he was, balancing the vessel upon his head, with astonishing, nay, to any but a mountaineer, with frightful rapidity. Was wood for the fire to be obtained, Jean trotted away with his bill in his hand, no matter whether it was fair or foul, rain or shine, and the fire soon blazed right merrily with the produce of his toil. Water from the fountain, flour from the distant mill, were brought by the active and good-natured Jean, with that buoyant alacrity, which told his mother, in the plainest terms, never to think of saving him.

There appeared to be no limit to the power of the boy's frame; and chameleon-like he almost seemed to live on air. A crust of brown bread, and a cup of milk, or water, was all that he could be prevailed upon to take at a time; yet his frame increased in size and vigour, far surpassing his years; and the brilliancy of his eye, and the lively expression of his countenance, testified to the ample tide of health that rolled through his veins.

Yet, amidst the general freshness of his spirits, might be perceived a deep tone of feeling and resolution that raised him above boys of his own age, and seemed to indicate that poetical or excitable temperament, which, if great occasions are presented, produce corresponding actions. Jean, after a hard day's work in the forest, or on the mountain, did not, as might have been expected, retire to bed immediately; on the contrary, as soon as he had dispatched his crust, and seen that all was right about the house, he set off to the curé of the village, who lived full three miles distant, and who had kindly undertaken to give him some instruction. The good man had noticed, first, the great regularity of Jean at church on Sundays, and his promptness in answering the questions in the catechism, and conceived the idea of teaching him the arts of reading and writing; but pleased with the boy's attention and quickness, he extended his plan, and Jean was at this time attending to the higher branches of education.

In return for this kindness, Jean knew no bounds to his affection for the venerable curé. The boy acted the part of a Mercury to the old man, and saved him many a long and weary walk.

It happened one day that Jean's mother was obliged to go to a neighbouring post-town, and she left the boy in charge of his two little sisters. It was yet early in spring, and vegetation had made but little progress, but still some of the first and loveliest children of the year had begun to spread their beauties to the day. Besides Jean's duty of looking after the children, he had to provide some fagots to prepare the evening meal withal, against his mother's return. He wanted to leave the little ones at home, while he went to the forest, but their entreaties to be permitted to go with him, prevailed over his better judgment, and they all set out together, the young ones as blithe as it is possible for infancy and innocence to be, and Jean feeling proud as he walked beside them, and reflected upon his position as protector. The girls scampered about, keeping close to Jean, however, and ever and anon showing him, with feelings of exultation, the little modest flowers they had discovered and picked. Oh! how these earliest feelings of interest and delight in works of God, displayed by all children, should be encouraged and cultivated. We should not, if this were fully and faithfully attended to, behold that cold and disgusting indifference, which is so repugnant to the best feelings of our nature, manifested in the sight of the most sublime objects. Well, Jean had now got about two miles from home, and had collected as many fagots as it was convenient for him to carry, and he had just begun to prepare to assume his load, when his sisters simultaneously gave a frightful scream, and looking up, he beheld an enormous wolf in the act of springing upon them. The boy had still the bill in his hand with which he cut the wood, and, throwing himself between the savage beast and the alarmed and helpless children, stood prepared to defend them. The countenance of man is said to strike terror into the hearts of the most savage animals: in this case it seemed to operate in the same way, for the beast paused, and for a moment seemed to be irresolute. That moment Jean seized, and struck it with his weapon, just at the first joint of the neck, where the head is attached to the body.

The blow was admirably aimed, and would have proved mortal, had the arm that directed it been sufficiently powerful; but as it was, it only inflicted upon the enraged animal a terrible wound. Irritated by pain and hunger, it attacked the intrepid Jean with the utmost fury; for a while he kept his ground, facing the enemy, and using his formidable weapon with all his power; but though it had received several severe wounds, and the blood was pouring from them in torrents, yet its strength did not appear to fail, while our hero's was much exhausted. At length, in one of the bounds, the creature made Jean lose his footing, and it was full at his throat; but even in this last extremity, his presence of mind did not fail him; for, introducing the sharp point of his weapon under the savage, and concentrating his remaining strength in one vigorous effort, he pushed the blade right to its heart, and in a moment it lay dead beside him. Exhausted as he was, he threw one of his sisters on his back, and, seizing the other in his arms, effected a safe retreat to the cottage.

Some of the neighbours happening to pass by at the time, and seeing the boy covered with blood, and sadly wounded, upon learning the cause, set off for the spot, and found the largest wolf ever seen in that neighbourhood, lying dead as stated by Jean.

He received the reward offered by government for killing a wolf, and his friend the curé, in writing to his father, told the plain unvarnished tale; and the news of the incident, spreading from one to another, at last reached Napoleon, who, inquiring further into the boy's history, was convinced that he was one of nature's true nobility, and sent an order for his admission into the military school, and a pension to be settled upon his mother.

The further career of Jean was worthy of its commencement; he soon distinguished himself in school, among the youths most ambitious of scientific and literary distinction, and rose rapidly in the army to the rank of a general. Nor did fortune spoil him, as she is so apt to do her chosen favourites; for in spite of success, honours, titles, and flattery, he maintained a simplicity of character which nothing could change, and a plainness of living which the luxury of courts could not alter.—*From the Pearl, an American Annual.*

NATURALIST'S LIBRARY.

VOLUME ON BRITISH BUTTERFLIES.

AMONG the various works now publishing in series, we know of none more worthy of support than that entitled "THE NATURALIST'S LIBRARY," published by Mr Lizars of Edinburgh, under the editorial charge of Sir William Jardine, who is one of our most enlightened writers on the engaging subject of natural history. The work has now attained its tenth volume, which purports to be a description of British Butterflies, by Mr James Duncan—the former volumes having embraced Humming Birds, Monkeys, Lions, Tigers, Peacocks, Game Birds, Pigeons, Beetles, and other animals in their respective genera. Being beautifully illustrated with lightly tinted plates, the representations of these various creatures add considerable value to the work, and render it one of the most attractive, as it certainly is one of the cheapest works, now issuing from the British press.

In an early number of the Journal we presented a short sketch of animals of the Butterfly order; but as we left a great deal to be described, and as the subject is extremely interesting—for who has not had his moments of delight in chasing, who has not been interested in watching the erratic flight of these benignant and fragile creatures?—we propose to take the present opportunity of giving our readers an insight into the nature and habits of these insects, and by doing so afford a specimen of the matter of the volume of the Naturalist's Library now before us. It is necessary to premise, that this order of insects is scientifically known by the name Lepidoptera, which signifies animals with scaly wings, and that the order includes the species known as Butterflies, Hawk-moths, and Moths. "Their amount (says the author) is so considerable, that the Lepidopterous order ranks among the most extensive with which we are acquainted. There is reason to believe that it is surpassed only by the Coleoptera or Beetles; and some authors are even inclined to assign it a precedence in this respect over that numerous order. In this country alone, although its variable and humid climate seems but little adapted to the welfare of creatures formed above all others for sunshine and calm, they fall very little short of two thousand. From this we may infer that their numbers are very great in countries every way adapted to their increase.

The diurnal Lepidoptera, or such as fly during the day, to which the present notice must be restricted, are the kinds which are known in this country by the name of Butterfly. This term is a literal translation of the Saxon word *Buttor-fleaze*, and is supposed to be applied because the insects first become prevalent in the beginning of the season for butter. They are distinguished (generally) from the other scaly-winged kinds, by possessing antennæ with a knob or club at the summit, and holding their wings, when in a state of repose, erect or very slightly inclined. They are the most generally and familiarly known of our insect tribes, and, by their conspicuous appearance, seldom fail to attract the notice even of those whose perceptions are least alive to the beauty of natural objects. The graceful curves of their outline—their gay and fitful flight—the splendour of their colouring and decorations, which present every variety of tint found in the different kingdoms of nature, distributed in markings and delineations of the most beautiful and diversified character, seem to confer on them a kind of superiority over other insects. Their wings are augmented to a size that seems quite disproportioned to that of the body, as if nature had wished to enlarge the surface on which she was to employ her pencil, that it might admit of more varied and profuse decoration. Even the under face of the wings, contrary to what is observed in other flying animals, is usually as much adorned as the surface, and often in an entirely different manner. Each wing, therefore, presents what may be called two different pictures. No kind of ornament found among other insects is omitted in this favoured tribe; and so many new modes of em-

bellishment are employed, that Nature seems to have made them the objects of her peculiar care, and designed them, as has been remarked by the learned and pious Ray, for the adornment of the universe, and to form delightful objects for the contemplation of man, bearing conspicuous marks of the hand of a Divine Artist.

The habits of these insects are well fitted to confirm the preference we assign to their beauty. Unlike many others of this class, which delight to riot among substances most offensive to our senses, or which destroy the property and lives of their less powerful companions, butterflies derive their sustenance from the nectareous juices and secretions of fruits and flowers. Instead of grovelling on the 'dunghy earth,' they are generally seen either sporting in the air, or resting on the disc of some expanded flower, and all their habits are such as bespeak 'pure creatures of the element.' They are seldom noticed but in fine weather, and never in profusion but when the season is in its highest bloom; and their appearance thus becomes associated in our minds with the charms of external nature, and is connected with those images of life and beauty which give rise to many of the genial influences of summer. Several species also contrive to outlive the winter, although their frail forms seem but ill adapted to resist the rigours of that inclement season, and, issuing from their retreats in the first warm days of spring, are among the earliest and not least interesting heralds of the 'purple year.' These circumstances, together with the very striking manner in which they exhibit the phenomena of transformation, have long rendered them general favourites, and caused their history to be investigated with greater attention than has been bestowed on insects of a less conspicuous and attractive kind.

The diurnal Lepidoptera are very numerous in species, although but a limited number inhabit this country. Between two thousand and three thousand have been described, and it is probable that no inconsiderable number yet remain undiscovered. About seventy-five different species are recorded as indigenous to Britain. A great proportion of the largest and most highly ornamented kinds are natives of the new world, especially of Brazil; but they abound in all tropical countries, and some of these exotics present the most sumptuous examples of insect beauty. Although our British butterflies can in no way compete with the magnificent examples just referred to, we yet possess many of great beauty, whether as regards the brilliancy of their colour, or the harmonious manner in which these colours are distributed. The bluish-purple reflection that plays on the wings of the Emperor of the Woods, has a richness and brilliancy of tint, which is not often surpassed. The prevailing hue among the *Lycæna*, is fulgid copper colour, of a high degree of resplendency; and the *Polyommata*, which are so abundant in our pastures, are remarkable for exhibiting, in great variety of shade, the most delicate and beautiful tints of blue. What can exceed the fine pencilling and harmonious tinting on the under surface of the wings of *Cynthia Cardui*, *Linæis Camilla*, and *Vanessa Atalanta*, or the richness of the eye-like spots that decorate the wings of the Peacock Butterfly, and numerous other species? The warm and beautiful shades of yellow in *Colias* and *Gonepteryx*, render them objects on which the eye rests with continual pleasure; and the silvery spots and streaks on the under side of the *Fritillaria*, form a fine relief, by their brilliant metallic lustre, to the uniform and comparatively duller tints of black and brown which predominate among that tribe. The mode of painting employed (by nature) to produce these rich tints, may not improperly be called a kind of natural Mosaic, for the colours invariably reside in the scales, which form a dense covering over the whole surface.

In common with several other extensive races of insects, butterflies derive their nourishment entirely from liquid substances, and the structure of the mouth is consequently very different from that of the masticating kinds. They are hence classed among the haustellate or suctorial tribes of insects. The most conspicuous and elaborately constructed organ is the long flexible tube projecting from the mouth, which forms a canal through which the alimentary juices are absorbed. This instrument, which is sometimes of great length, is spirally convoluted when unemployed, but it can be unrolled with great rapidity, and is admirably fitted to explore the tubular corollas and deep-seated nectaries of flowers, for the purpose of extracting their sweet secretions.

Both the different kinds of eyes which occur among insects, are found in the diurnal Lepidoptera. The ordinary, or compound eyes, are large and hemispherical, occupying greater part of the head, and no fewer than seventeen thousand three hundred and twenty-five lenses have been counted in one of them. As each of these crystalline lenses possesses all the properties of a perfect eye, some butterflies may therefore be said, if M. Puget's observations are correct, to have no fewer than thirty-four thousand six hundred and fifty!

The wings are of much greater extent, in proportion to the size of the body, than in any other tribe of insects. With such an extent of 'sail-broad vans,' it is easy for butterflies to support themselves for a long time in the air; but their mode of flight, at least in Reaumur's opinion, is generally not very graceful. They seldom fly in a direct line, but advance by rising and falling alternately, in a succession of zig-zags, up and down, and from side to side. By flying in this

manner, they are supposed to elude more easily the pursuit of the smaller birds, which often make them a prey. 'I one day watched with pleasure,' says Reaumur, 'a sparrow pursuing a butterfly on the wing for a considerable time, without succeeding in catching it. The flight of the bird was notwithstanding much more rapid than that of the butterfly, but the latter was always either above or below the point to which the bird directed its flight, and at which it expected to seize it.' Many of the species, however, differ so much from each other in their mode of flying, that a practised eye can recognise them by this means alone. Such as are provided with strong wings, exercise a more steady and continuous flight, nearly resembling that of a bird, ascending high into the air, and often making their way against a pretty strong current of wind.

All these insects originate from eggs, which are carefully deposited on the leaves and other parts of plants, by the parent fly; after accomplishing which, she soon dies. These eggs are sometimes placed singly, at other times in groups containing considerable numbers. They are always covered by a coating of varnish, which serves the double purpose of attaching them to the plant and defending them from the action of the weather. They differ essentially from the eggs of birds, as no lime enters into their composition, and, instead of being covered with a crustaceous shell, they are merely enveloped by a thin membrane.

After the fly has fixed her eggs on a plant, she takes no further care of them, but leaves them to be hatched by the heat of the atmosphere. This generally takes place in the course of a few days, but the period varies according to the degree of warmth to which they are subjected, and the greater or less density of the shell or outer covering. Such, indeed, as are laid late in autumn, do not produce their caterpillars till the ensuing spring. To facilitate the egress of the young larvae, the eggs of some species are furnished with a kind of lid at one end, which is pushed outwards by the pressure of the head.

Guided by an instinct which must excite the admiration of every reflecting mind, the butterfly, however herself regardless of such pasture, never fails to place her eggs either upon the plant which is to afford sustenance to her infant progeny, or in its immediate vicinity; so that, upon their first exclusion, they are surrounded by their appropriate food. Upon issuing from the egg, the young larvae appear as small cylindrical worms; but their growth is rapid, and no very lengthened period elapses before they attain their full dimensions. It is in this state that they are termed *caterpillars*, a name which they probably owe to their voracious habits. After continuing in their reptile form for a longer or shorter period, according to the species, they prepare to enter upon a new state of existence, distinguished by attributes very dissimilar to those they previously possessed. This important and singular metamorphosis, by which a long cylindrical worm, possessing all the necessary organs of motion and nutrition, and employing these with the utmost activity, is converted into an inert mass, without external organs, and incapable of locomotion, or of receiving food, is preceded by some preparations similar to those that attend a change of skin. As if foreseeing its approaching incapacity either to defend itself or to flee from danger, the caterpillar, having now completed its full growth, generally abandons the plant on which it fed, and seeks a secure retreat, or some fixed and stable object to which it may adhere. It is in consequence of this precaution that we so often find chrysalides in the holes of old buildings, in the fissures of timber, and so on, or attached to walls, posts, and trees, as the latter afford more permanent security than the weak and perishable herbaceous plants which so many caterpillars frequent during their voracious days. Having selected a proper place, the animal commences its curious proceedings, which terminate in the ejection of its skin, the evolution of the chrysalis, and the suspension of the latter by means of a cord of silk.

When the butterfly is fully matured, it extricates itself from the puparium, by bursting that portion of it which covers the thorax, an operation which is easily accomplished, as the membrane has by that time become weak and friable. On its first exclusion, it is feeble and languid, and usually fixes itself on the exuvie from which it has just emerged, or on some neighbouring object, till it acquire some degree of strength. All the parts are soft at first, and covered with moisture; but this speedily evaporates, the organs become firm, and every symptom of debility soon disappears. In this process, the development of the wings is not the least interesting object. Hitherto compressed within a very narrow space, they at first appear as small crumpled packets, affording no indication of the extension and beauty which they ultimately acquire. But their folds and corrugations soon begin to give way to the pressure of the nerves, which are tubular vessels ramifying through the whole extent of the wing, and which are themselves excited and dilated by having an aqueous fluid impelled into them from the trunk of the insect. As the nerves diverge, the interjacent spaces gradually become tense, the animal assisting greatly in extricating the folds, by frequently shaking its wings with a tremulous motion. The spots and other markings are by degrees unfolded; and after the expanded wings have been a short time exposed to the sun, the new-born fly launches into the air with as much apparent ease and confidence as if it had been long familiar with such an exercise.

The appearance of these creatures in their various states of caterpillar, pupa, and butterfly, is so strikingly dissimilar, that it was long a general belief that they underwent, at each successive stage, a complete transmutation, or change from one being to another. In every caterpillar there exists, from the earliest period of its life, the germ of the future fly, which is gradually developed by the accretion of new matter; and its various envelopes are thrown off as they successively become superficial, till it is fully matured and perfected.*

DAWSON THE IMPROVER.

How frequently have we had occasion to allude to the ever-convenient, ever-plausible outcry, "it can't be done"—an outcry which for ages has been used to crush, and raise the laugh at, almost every great projected improvement in either science or art. Steam-engines, locomotive vehicles, telescopes, gas-lighting, printing machinery, telegraphs, and a thousand other things, all had to contend for a time against the sneering outcry, "it can't be done." One of the most instructive instances in which this vulgar clamour was raised against a valuable improvement, is found in the case of a Mr Dawson, a Scotch farmer, who, about the middle of last century, effected some surprising alterations in agriculture and rural affairs.

At that time Scotland was upon the whole a miserable country. Agriculture was in a wretched state, and both men and beasts, during a large part of the year, were nearly starved. If since then we have become a prosperous and comparatively comfortable nation, much of the blessing is owing to the subject of the present notice, who was one of the first to lead the way in practically showing new ways of realising the natural wealth of the soil. After having obtained a practical knowledge of husbandry in England, this intelligent man returned in 1753, to his farm in Roxburghshire, in the south of Scotland, and immediately introduced the practice of the turnip husbandry, sowing the seeds in drills. He was the first Scottish farmer who introduced the cultivation of turnips into the open fields. Previous to this date, Mr Cockburn of Ormiston had introduced them in East Lothian; and about the same period, they were tried by Lord Kaimes in Berwickshire; but practical farmers paid little attention to the enterprises of these or other mere gentlemen, who attempted to introduce novelties into agriculture. It was impossible for them to calculate correctly the expense attending such supposed improvements, or the profit to be derived from them. They knew that, though a rich man might throw away some money in forming a garden, adorning his pleasure-ground, or introducing a new crop into some of his fields, he could suffer little by the expense, though the adventure should prove totally unprofitable; but they considered themselves in a very different situation. They had rents to pay, and families to support, by their industry; and they would have accounted themselves guilty of unpardonable rashness, had they deserted the plan by which they knew these objects could be accomplished, for the purpose of imitating wealthy men in their costly experiments and projects. But when Mr Dawson, on the lands of which he became a tenant, and for which he paid what was accounted a full rent, began to engage in this new career, the matter was considered in a different light. "Puir lad (said they to one another, shaking their heads most sagaciously), he'll soon ruin himself" with his newfangled nonsense—sic folly for folk to try to improve in this sort o' way; it's weel kenn'd it canna be done to a guid purpose." We shall soon see how these prognostications were falsified. Disregarding such idle prophecies, Mr Dawson proceeded on his course, upon the rational plan of bringing his lands into the best possible condition. This he accomplished by the turnip husbandry; by the use of artificial grasses, then also unknown in Scotland; and by the liberal use of lime, not for the purpose of scouring the soil by successive crops of oats, but to obtain the means of bringing it advantageously into grass. In short, his object was to support upon his lands a great number of cattle, and by means of them, to enable a moderate proportion of the soil to give forth a larger crop of grain than had formerly been done by the whole. Every man who, in our own times, has attempted to improve an ill-cultivated and exhausted soil, must be sensible of the merit which attends success in such an enterprise; but in those days Mr Dawson had to encounter difficulties which do not now exist. He was transferring the agriculture of one country to another, which rendered much discernment necessary to adapt the practices which he had seen to a different soil and climate. He had also this peculiar obstacle to surmount, that good ploughmen, capable of executing his operations in the perfect manner that is now done, could not be found. He was himself completely master of this essential branch of the art of agriculture; but he would have acted ill, had he neglected the general superintendence of his concerns for constant occupation at the plough, more especially as his doing so could not have accomplished the object in view, with regard to the

* This account of the development of the butterfly is necessarily very much abridged, and we refer to the volume for a variety of particulars which we have omitted.

of his lands. Ordinary ploughmen admitted his superiority in their art; but he was provoked to find that his superiority excited no emulation on their part to equal or excel him. He found that emulation exists only among equals; and that, as practical farmers disregarded the fine crops of turnips, and even grain, raised by wealthy proprietors of lands, so ordinary ploughmen did not feel themselves disgraced by their inferiority to a young farmer, who had received a literary education, and afterwards studied his art in England. It was nearly two years before Mr Dawson succeeded in training an expert ploughman; but he had no sooner done so, than an eager emulation to excel in this art rapidly diffused itself amongst his other servants, and in the neighbourhood; so that he speedily obtained many workmen not inferior to himself.

Mr Dawson's fields soon became more fertile and beautiful than those around him. This his neighbours might have overlooked, as they had disregarded the fertility produced by the costly efforts of proprietors of land; but as his conduct had become an object of minute attention, a more important point was speedily discovered, namely, that he was becoming a rich man—a result most surprising, considering that his proceedings had all along been in direct opposition to vulgar prejudice. The cry of "it can't be done" was therefore speedily changed to "it can, and it shall be done," and "weel, whae wad ha' thocht it?"—the fellow has had some sense in him after a'. In short, Mr Dawson's neighbours now became extremely eager to tread in his footsteps. Men who had been once in Mr Dawson's service were always sure to find employment; his ploughmen were in the utmost request; they were transported to East Lothian and to Angus, and every where diffused the improved practice of agriculture. Roxburghshire, in the meanwhile, together with the adjoining county of Berwick, soon became the scene of the most active agricultural enterprises; and Mr Dawson, independent of his own personal prosperity, had the satisfaction to live to see himself regarded, and hear himself called, the Father of the Agriculture of Scotland.

THE VICTIM OF STYLE.

MANY are the lamentations that are made by individuals who, in their own opinion, are supremely miserable. The complaints are as various as the complainers are numerous; and the catalogue of griefs and annoyances is so full, that I have sometimes thought that the prince who in vain offered a reward for a new pleasure, would have been as unsuccessful, if he had been desirous of discovering a new misery. There is a sad monotony in sorrow. There are but few notes in the gamut of grief. Separated lovers have sighed in the same manner since the days of Pyramus and Thisbe, and the groans of Nebuchadnezzar, while eating grass in the plains of Assyria, were doubtless pretty similar to those of every dethroned monarch since his time. Such being the case, it is wonderful that people still continue to complain, as they must know that they are only saying what has been said over and over again; and I think nobody should be allowed to inflict a *Jeremiad* on the world, if the source of his grief be older than the Christian era. Even were this term shortened by a thousand years, I should have a right to lament. The cause of my unhappiness has not been in operation longer than since the days of Faustus, and I am not aware that any person ever felt its effects in the same manner as I have done. It has been said by some antithetical personage, "that participation heightens joy and diminishes grief." In order to try this by the test of experience, I have put pen to paper, to give the reader a short account of my misfortunes.

I was a merchant, and lived happily and contentedly till I attained the age of thirty-five. I had an excellent business, and had the prospect of attaining a competence in a few years. Unfortunately for me, at the above-mentioned age I became acquainted with some persons connected with a newspaper in a neighbouring town, and was induced to become correspondent. At this time I had never in my life written a line for the press, and happy would I have been had I never done so. I at first contented myself with giving an account of the births, marriages, and deaths, which happened in our district. By and bye, I began to make some remarks on the condition of the crops, the state of the weather, remarkable phenomena, such as a chicken with two heads, a sheep with four lambs, a lamb with four horns, a wonderful cabbage, or an extraordinary turnip; and sometimes a short paragraph, under such titles as "unusual fertility," "miraculous preservation," "shocking accident," "sagacity of the brute creation," &c.; &c.; these things being the staple of a provincial paper. After a little practice, I aspired a little higher, and attempted "barbarous outrages" and "horrible murders," and at length ventured on "public meetings," "presentation of a silver snuff-box to our worthy sexton," "dinner to our respected townsman Mr Bentlegge, deacon of the tailors," "public tribute to Mr Hairlaw, barber," and various things of this description. Thus matters went on for some time. I became fond of writing, and felt considerable pleasure in seeing my own productions in print. I began to study (how unsuccessfully, this account of myself will bear witness) the beauties of composition, and to peruse the works of eminent authors, a thing I had formerly all but totally neglected. It must not, however, be supposed that I neglected my

business; on the contrary, I paid the most scrupulous attention to it, and my literary affairs only occupied my leisure hours, those hours which formerly were—to say the least—as unprofitably spent. Nobody could bear a better character among his neighbours than I did; nobody had more friends and fewer enemies than I had. Alas for the mutability of human happiness! all this soon came to an end.

One unlucky day I received a newspaper, and, on looking over it, I found no less than three of my contributions. This was more than I had ever furnished for one paper, and I was quite delighted. One of the articles was a ludicrous account of the courtship and marriage of an old bachelor, who lived in our village. It gave great amusement to the inhabitants; every body laughed at it, and nobody enjoyed the joke more than myself. But I paid dearly for my pastime. Pleased with the excitement it produced, my vanity prompted me to disclose to two or three of my most intimate friends, that I had written what had given them so much amusement. They were surprised, and appeared almost to doubt my veracity. This disposed me, in order to remove their unbelief, to inform them that I had been in the habit, for a considerable time, of writing paragraphs for the paper, to point out some of them, and to show some of the letters I had received from the editor. They heard all this with great coolness; took their leave without expressing, as I expected, admiration of my talents, and in a short time it was spread through the town that I was a "teller of tales in the news." From that day every thing went wrong with me. The person at whose expense I had amused my neighbours, soon heard of it, and never more entered my shop, nor did any of his friends; and as they were pretty numerous, I felt a sensible loss from this affair in the way of business. But this was the least of it. Every person looked on me with suspicion; all shunned me, or behaved in the coldest manner. They dreaded me as if I had been an assassin, and watched me as if I had been a pickpocket. No one would speak before me, lest I should take notes. I was invited to no party, lest I should send an account of it to the newspaper; and I was excluded from the annual ball, because some of the managers did not wish it to be known that they were bad dancers, and they were certain I would publish it. In short, I was completely deserted—left to myself; nobody came near me, except a few customers, and they were daily falling off.

But things were not yet at the worst: greater evils were in store for me. I thought it misfortune sufficient to be avoided by my neighbours, but it was still worse to be attacked by them, and this consummation was not long in happening. After it was known that I wrote for the newspaper, about six times the number came to the place, and in every paper there was something which offended some person, and even what was not in it gave offence, and all the blame fell on my shoulders. "I think you might ha' put in a bit notice o' our Jenny's marriage," said one old woman. "I wonder you didna say naething about the death o' our Davie's wee Davok," said another. "You never let on in the paper about my lang bean stalk, or about my mare wi' the two foals," says a farmer; or "about Hawkie and her aucthen pints o' milk," says his wife. "There's no a word in the papers the day, I see, about the wonnerfu' big calf I killed last week," says the butcher; "nor about the breaking out o' our dam," says the miller. Thus they went on, and I could say nothing in my own defence. Every one thought his affair of great importance. The precursor was angry with me for not publishing what tunes he sang on Sunday, and how well he sang them; and the barber that I did not immortalise him, by relating how many beards he had cropped on Saturday evening.

But if my omissions were bad, in my neighbours' estimation, my commissions were a thousand times worse. I believe they thought the whole paper—advertisements and all—was about them, and all written by me. No matter what the article was, there was always something in it which was sure to be applied by some one to himself, and it was of course always laid upon me—I was always known by my style. They all at once became firm believers in style. This sudden faith both surprised and tormented me. Old men who for fifty years had read nothing but the Bible, and the "Whole Duty of Man," read the paper the whole week, and gabbled of style; and boys who had not "discontinued school above a twelvemonth," took up the cry, and chattered of style. Nothing else was heard but perpetual vituperation of my conduct and dissertation on my style. If there was an account given of a prize-fight, it was known by its style to be one of my satires on two tailors who had quarrelled "o'er a gill," and of course "fought it out." An account of a horse-race was a covert attack on some drunken cadger who had galloped home from market, and was known by its style to have emanated from me. A notice of a "rout," copied from some London paper, was discovered by its style to be mine, and to be levelled at a "rocking" in the neighbourhood. An article headed "swindling," or "embezzlement," gave offence to a dozen, for my style was always known, though I was as ignorant of it as Belshazzar. Some of my neighbours imputed one part of the paper to me, and others another, till they had fastened the whole of it on me. It was so far fortunate for me that my neighbours read only one newspaper; for though they had been in the habit of reading fifty, I believe they would have discovered by the style that I had written them all.

By the time things had come to this length, I was in a truly pitiable condition. Nobody came into my shop except to abuse and threaten me. I was held in less respect than the smith who was drunk every day, or the tailor who had cabbaged, from every body who had put it into his power, for thirty years—I was feared and detested by all. I saw that things could not continue long in this state; and as I had no hopes of them growing better, I had determined to remove, and was on terms with a young man for the disposal of my stock in trade, when things came to a crisis, and I was obliged to make my exit rather more precipitately than I had calculated on.

One day as I was sitting in my shop, in a melancholy mood, I saw the schoolmaster approaching. This individual and the minister were the only persons by whom I had hitherto been treated with common decency. He entered with "a good morning, sir; I hope you are not engaged, as I wish to have a few moments' conversation with you." I expressed my readiness to attend to what he had to say. "I am astonished," said he, "that you, sir, could have the presumption to make me the butt of your licentious wit, and, in yesterday's paper, give a scurrilous account of what took place in my school on Monday last." I anxiously inquired what he meant. "You may, sir," replied he, in the most pompous manner, "pretend ignorance; indeed I never doubted but you would do so; for a person who could have wickedness enough to write such an article, will have confidence enough to deny it. It was, sir, I must say, most unmanly and uncalled-for on your part, to give to the world such an exaggerated description of the slight punishment I inflicted on a boy who had played truant, and which every person but yourself will allow was necessary for preserving order and discipline in my seminary." It was in vain that I told him I had never heard of it before. "There," said he, bringing out the paper, and pointing to an article; "there, sir, is the unmerited libel on my character; and though you, with the cowardice of an assassin, have endeavoured to avert suspicion from yourself by perverting the circumstances, yet you need not attempt to deny it. You cannot deceive me—I know your style too well." So saying, he stalked away as if he had monopolised the whole dignity of his profession. I looked at the paragraph he had pointed out. It was entitled "Punishment of a Deserter." It mentioned his being severely flogged, and was extracted from the Plymouth Journal. The force of prejudice, thought I, can no farther go!—no wonder my poor ignorant neighbours deceive themselves about style, when the schoolmaster, a scholar, and otherwise a man of sense, has discovered my style in an article such as this. About twelve o'clock, when the school was dismissed, all the boys gathered about my door, calling names, and abusing me, as schoolboys will always do to any person against whom they hear every body railing. "What gart you meddle wi' our maister?" shouted one; "ye sud be put out o' the town," bawled another; "I've a good mind to break your windows," roared a third, more outrageous than the rest. This threat would doubtless have been put in instant execution, had not the minister fortunately (as I thought) entered the shop. At sight of the minister, the boys became quiet; and I was beginning to congratulate myself on my escape, when I was fairly overcome by his saying, in the mildest manner possible, "I'm come to talk with you about something I read in the papers this morning. Really, I do not take it well; and I am surprised that you should do any thing of the kind to your minister." I protested ignorance—declared (which was the truth) that I had not written a line, except on business, for six months. "Do not, I beseech you," said he, "add sin to sin by denying it; lying is a more grievous crime than ridiculing the sermon of an old man like me. I wish I could, for your own sake, think it was not your production, but the style is too decidedly yours for me to be mistaken." So saying, the good old man went away, leaving me stupefied by his reproaches, though I knew they were undeserved. On looking over the paper to see what could have produced this mistake, I found a review of a sermon which had been preached by a dissenting clergyman in the north of England, and which some person connected with the newspaper had met with, and for his amusement had cut up. The name of the preacher was an uncommon one, and our minister thought it was fictitious, and that he was denoted by it. He had, on the preceding Sunday, preached from a text of similar import; and this, together with the style, was "confirmation strong." Notwithstanding my vexation, I could not help laughing heartily at the whole affair. "You may laugh, you sacrilegious villain," cried a voice, which I recognised as that of an elder. In a few minutes, a crowd of men, women, and children, had gathered round the door. "Ye're a pretty fellow to mak a fool o' the minister," cried the women; "ay, an' the dominie," shouted the boys; "come out an' we'll dook you in the dam, an' pump the well on you," shrieked a little girl. "Bring him oot," said an old woman, scarcely able to stand, "an' we'll ride the stang on him." With that, smash went the windows, and in an instant almost every thing in the shop was destroyed. There was no time to be lost; a moment longer, and I would have been in the hands of an enraged mob. I darted out at the back door, and luckily had the presence of mind to lock it behind me, and before they could get it open, I was out of their reach.

Thus has my neighbour's belief in style brought total ruin upon me; for the little money I had saved in my days of prosperity, gradually dwindled away as my customers withdrew, and I am forced to begin the world anew; a warning to every man in business to beware of doing any thing which may bring upon himself the imputation of having a style, as there is no saying where it may end.—*Kilmarnock Annual*, 1835.

PLEASANT FACTS ABOUT INFANT SCHOOLS.

In the evidence just printed by the English Education Parliamentary Committee, some facts and observations communicated by Mr Wilderspin are of so interesting a character, that we are induced to give them an extended publicity. Mr Wilderspin is generally known as the individual who first brought infant education to its present state as an art founded upon correct views respecting human nature, and who has since propagated it with industrious zeal throughout the United Kingdom. We are of course entitled to attach much weight to any thing which falls from him in reference to this subject.

The importance attached, by the conductors of infant schools, to a play-ground surrounded with flowers and fruit, is well known. A feeling for decorative objects, and a respect for private property, are thereby cultivated. In one at Hereford, nectarines and peaches grow upon the walls untouched. Mr Wilderspin was asked by what strange witchery he contrived to bring infants to a self-denial so unlike their ordinary recognised character. "We find," says he, "when a child first enters the school, that he has no idea of the rights of property; he knows that cherries are sweet, and he has tasted gooseberries and knows they are nice, and when he sees them in the garden, he proceeds to help himself to them without ceremony. We then take the child gently by the arm, and reason with him, saying, 'Why, you are going to take my cherries; you must not do that.' The child breathes a new atmosphere directly, for he has never had teaching of that kind before. Perhaps he may then be dangling a button or something on a string, and when you take it away from him he cries; upon which you ask him what he cries for, and he says, 'Because you have got my piece of string.' You then say to him, 'You do not like me to take your piece of string, and yet you were going to take my cherries.' * * * This is the way in which we endeavour to appeal to the child's judgment." And Mr Wilderspin expressed his readiness to take charge of two hundred infants previously untrained, and in six weeks to have them in such a state of discipline that not a cherry or gooseberry should be touched.

It was formerly the opinion of this ingenious person that children had a greater tendency to evil than to good. "Practice," he says, "has rather overset this opinion. I may state that I have had seventeen thousand babies through my hands, and I have made calculations as to certain actions that are performed by infants when in the play-ground, for it is there they show their character. Now, I find that it is *fully two and a half to one in favour of what we should approve.*"

Interrogated respecting the effect of infant schooling upon the happiness of the children, he answered—"Any man who saw a well-regulated infant school would be forced to say he never saw such a mass of juvenile happiness together; in fact, it *alters the countenance of children.*" With reference to the effect in a district—"As it respects the juvenile part of the population, the difference would strike the most casual observer; their countenances are brighter, they have more dignity in their manner, and are also cleaner in appearance; and I could tell children who go to infant schools if I met them in the streets, and distinguish them from others who do not. We will take Spitalfields. Those who know that neighbourhood know it to be as bad perhaps as any in London; when I commenced there, I was pelted by the people with various kinds of filth, and they used to call after me, 'There goes the Baby Professor;' but when they found their children learned, and came home to them and absolutely gave them good advice, they turned round and treated me with the greatest kindness; and I can truly say I never met with kinder treatment before I left that neighbourhood than from the poor wretches of parents who had before insulted me. My wife fell a sacrifice to her labours in that neighbourhood, and when she was buried, there were thousands of the poor attended, and some of them had bits of black ribbon in their caps, and various other marks to show their

respect for her; and if I go into that neighbourhood now, the people will come round me and show me the greatest kindness. I have been into places where they kept bulldogs to fight; the father, perhaps, of the pupil, has kept these dogs for fighting, and they would rise, when I came in to inquire after an absent pupil, to growl at me, and the man would say, 'Come in, sir, they shall not hurt you; my poor little fellow is a bed, and you can go up and see him; nothing shall hurt you here;' and I have gone up to the little fellow's bed, and sometimes I found that what I said to the child would affect even the flinty heart of the father, and would be the means of doing much good."

The three ensuing questions and their answers are here given entire:—"Have cases of ingratitude from children towards yourself been frequent?—I am astonished to find how few cases of ingratitude I have met with among infants. If I have been in a town once and opened a school, and go there two or three years afterwards, and any of the children are there that were there at first, their eyes sparkle, and some of them will run out and kiss me; it was the case at Bury a few weeks ago, and the persons who were present were astonished to witness the fact.

Suppose any stranger had been there one year, and had come again the following year, or two years afterwards, would he perceive a change in the appearance of the street in which the school is situated?—In that street in particular, probably not; there will be a great difference ultimately. The children at first were sent more like sweeps than any thing else, but afterwards they were sent with clean hands and faces, not very tidy, for the parents had not the money to buy the clothes. The parents themselves improved both in manners and habits. At the time we commenced there, it was a regular plan to go to Smithfield and steal an ox, and drive it into that neighbourhood, and make it wild by putting peas into its ears, and so on; and then, when they had finished their sport, they would lead it into some field, and there leave it; but before we left, that was entirely done away with. I do not say it was owing to the school, but I state it as a fact that the neighbourhood was very much improved.

Have you known cases of parents of dissolute habits, having children at your school, whose dissolute habits have been at all diminished by the influence of the better education their children have received on themselves?—I have. I may state that one woman came to me and told me that her child had reformed with her. She had taken it out on a Sunday morning to pick up some sticks; the woman was not exactly content with picking up the loose sticks, but pulled a few out of the hedge; and the child was with her as she was returning with the sticks, and said, 'Mother, you have broken two of the commandments; you have been stealing the sticks, and you have been stealing them on the Sabbath-day,' and the child repeated the two commandments; it so affected the woman that she came to me and told me of it, and told me she hoped she should discontinue the practice. I can state also that a man discontinued drunkenness from the simple prattle of his infant. He was in the habit of frequently getting drunk; and there were two or three children under seven years of age, and they all slept in the same room, though not in the same bed. The man came home one night drunk, and his wife remonstrated with him, and he struck her; the woman cried very much, and continued to cry after she got into bed, and a little creature, two or three years old, got up and said, 'Pray, father, do not beat poor mother; the father ordered it to get into bed again, and the little creature got up again, and knelt down by the side of the bed, and repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then concluded in this simple language, 'Pray, God, bless dear father and mother, and make father a good father. Amen.' This went to the heart of the drunkard; the man told me he covered his face over with the bed-clothes, and that the first thoughts he awoke with in the morning were thoughts of regret that he should stand in need of such a remonstrance from such a young child, and it produced in him self-examination and amendment of life; and the family are now united to a Methodist chapel in that neighbourhood, and I have learned that they are now useful and valuable members of society; and many of the teachers have given me facts of a similar kind."

Mr Wilderspin, being interrogated respecting the plan he pursues with a child of a twelvemonth old, answered that he first taught it obedience, which is very important, and then order—that is, to sit where desired, to march about with the other children, and do every thing in a regular manner. "Then we should endeavour to teach it habits of delicacy, cleanliness, and kindness; little children are rather filthy, if not legislated for; the child of a careless parent does not know how to perform various offices properly; we have to teach them even those things. When this is taught, it perhaps shows its temper by striking another, and we then begin to restrain its feelings, and to teach it to have a command over itself; when it begins to speak, we commence teaching it its letters and arithmetic, and various other things connected with the infant system; then, if we carry on that principle, the child is taught habits of delicacy, cleanliness, and honesty, and even self-respect, for that is necessary in the formation of

its character; the child that does not respect itself does not respect any body else; and by the time it leaves the school, it ought to know the first four rules of arithmetic, and a good deal of the elements of geography; it ought to know how to read well enough to read any book in simple language; it would have a tolerable knowledge of the quality of such things as immediately come under its notice; it would have a slight knowledge of the elements of natural history, the habits and manners of different animals, taught by pictures; it would have a tolerable knowledge of the leading facts of the New Testament, which are communicated by pictures in the same way; it would have a knowledge of form; the child would be able to distinguish a triangle from a square, and an octagon from any other pillar; and if it went to another school, where there is not so much mental education, it would be less likely to be pleased with it. At present, I do not think the National or British schools are fit to take our children to, from a well-regulated infant school, unless they infuse a little more into the system than they do at present. In short, we legislate as far as we are able for every faculty known to exist in a child. The memory is not chiefly employed at the expense of the other faculties."

In the answers to the two following questions we shall be found something to set off against Mr Pillans's hypothesis respecting the consequences of too pleasant schooling:—"Do you not make the acquisition of knowledge in your system somewhat more agreeable than other persons seek to make it?—We find the children so delighted with acquiring knowledge, that the fact is, the greater the variety the more they are pleased; and I find that they really are susceptible of information which I believe the generality of the world are not at all prepared to expect; and we endeavour to make it agreeable, by giving it in a pleasing manner.

Have you not seen this evil effect follow from that after making the acquisition of knowledge in the infant school a mere matter of pleasure, when knowledge becomes labour, which it must necessarily become, they feel a repugnance to undergo that labour?—No; for I find children will labour amazingly hard. Indeed, I never met with a being, man or child, that did not like to obtain knowledge, but they like to obtain it in their own way. The labour of learning will be much less when the science of teaching is better understood.

Have you ever heard the objection made to the system of the infant schools, that, by accustoming children to so much variety and so much pleasure, when they come to labour to acquire knowledge they are unfit for the labour?—I have heard the objection made, but I think it has been made by persons who did not understand the principles of our plan; because it has been made personally to me in many parts of the kingdom, and we have succeeded in removing those objections upon the spot.

Would you not propose in some measure to do away with the difficulty, by introducing somewhat of your system into the higher schools?—I have a school at my own house at Cheltenham now for children of higher classes.

But children of a more advanced age?—I would introduce some of the principles of development we adopt, and a method of teaching the child to think. Our great defect has been, we have given them lessons cut and dried, without inducing them to think and analyse the lessons we have given them. In these particulars there is much room for improvement in all the schools I have seen; words are of little use unless they are understood.

Do children willingly leave the infant schools in order to be admitted to the national schools?—They do for they think they shall get a greater amount of information. Children are as anxious to feed the mind as they are the body, provided the food is proper. They very willingly leave us; but I should state that they generally return on the half-holidays to us, and by permission to stay. I have known, I should say, a hundred instances in Spitalfields, where my pupils would come back on the half-holidays, and solicit permission to be with us.

That is, that the infant schools are more popular amongst children?—Yes; for we try to legislate for the whole of the faculties, as I stated before.

Will you state to the committee what is the mode in which you expressly convey instruction on natural history and geography to the children, when drawn up as you have stated?—We assemble them at one end of the school, on raised seats, so that we can see the countenance of every babe; the elder children will be at the top, and the very little ones at the bottom; we then take a chair and sit before them, and immediately proceed to give them instruction; for example, we would put the picture of a horse before the children, and we would say, 'What is this?' they would say, 'It is a horse.' 'No, you are mistaken, this is not a horse.' 'Yes, it is,' some of the positive ones would say. 'No, it is not; you do not think.' Then others would say, 'It is the picture of a horse;' and we should say, 'Now you are right; it is the representation of a horse, but not a horse itself.' Now we go into the parts of the horse; we teach them to understand which are the pasterns and the fetlocks, the shanks, the withers, the croup, and so on. Now many of the parents do not know this. Then we come to the uses of the animal, and we say, 'What is the horse useful for?' Some say, 'He draws big carts;' and

where, 'He gives them a ride,' and so we go on, in great variety. They give their own simple ideas on the subject, and we say, 'You see how good Almighty God is; he sends us the horse to draw the carts and coaches for us, and to give us a ride; how bad it is for a little child to go and give it a cut, which it does not deserve.' I then have endeavoured to impress upon the minds of the children this animal was created for the use of man, and is not to be ill used: then we would ask, 'What is made of the skin?' 'Leather.' 'What use is made of leather?' and so on. Then, when you find the children tired, you put away your lecture, and tell them to clap hands. With respect to geography, we sketch a map of the counties in England on the floor of the school, and give the children real journeys from one county to another; according to their knowledge, we give them easy or difficult journeys to perform; and if one traveller makes a mistake, we send another; they are all delighted to see each other move about, and much fun occurs in consequence of the mistakes made; but great delight is manifested when the journeys are performed well.

You find you can command their attention by making your lecture interesting, without the stimulus of making them take places, as it is called?—I would not let them do that on any account.

Why not?—Because I find some children by nature born the form of a thing sooner than others; others, by nature, will excel in their knowledge of arithmetic; others, again, will learn reading and spelling sooner; while others will excel in music, and others, again, in sketching things; and, to put a child back because it cannot do that which nature never designed for, would be absurd; that is to say, what nature ever designed it to do equal to other children. We have no badges of distinction, no crosses at the button holes, no bits of ribbon attached to the child, no medals, for any thing of the kind; we do not think it necessary to deck a child with many orders and degrees as an Austrian field-marshal; children have sense enough to perceive that these distinctions are too frequently given with a want of due discrimination.

Is it your opinion that any bad effect would arise to the morals of children from this constant rivalry in taking places or giving badges of distinction?—Certainly; it would throw an apple of discord among them; the child put back would feel it an act of injustice, and the child put forward would think himself a superior being."

HUMANITY OF BRITISH NAVAL OFFICERS.

A recent number of the Journal, was presented to me, containing an article entitled "The French Fisherman," with a note designed to impress a sense of the horrors of warfare, which, as our readers well know, we entertain the most abhorrence. We have since received, from a respectable naval officer, a communication, in which it is expressed that the tale may convey to many readers an imputation against the humanity of British officers in general. If such an impression has any where been made, it is more than we contemplated, as it was against warfare, and not the individuals who conduct it, that we wished to direct the indignation of our readers. So far from entertaining any feeling unfavourable to the officers of the British navy, we experience a sincere pleasure in now giving publicity to circumstances so creditable to them as those narrated in the letter of our correspondent:—

Sir—Having read in your Journal of last Saturday, a very interesting though painful little story of the capture of a French fisherman, by the boat of a British cruiser, in the year 1812, I trust you will excuse me if I request of you to give publicity to a few instances within my own knowledge, where a very opposite treatment was offered to men in the same situation as the poor old fisherman, whose boat was burned before his eyes, although he had implored the captain to spare his only hope, his only fortune. This story powerfully calculated to impress the mind of the general reader with no very favourable opinion of the parts of British officers in time of war; and if the facts which I here detail will tend in any way to remove that unfavourable impression, I shall feel great delight; for I believe, from long experience, that there is no class of people in this world who sympathise more with the misfortunes of their fellow-men than British seamen.

First, then, when cruising off Cherbourg, blockading the French squadron, in the years 1812 and 1813, I was on board his Majesty's ship V—e, commanded by Captain M—e; we were in frequent communication with the enemy's fishermen on that part of the coast; they were permitted to pursue their calling unmolested; and so scrupulous was our gallant captain, that every fish procured from these men was paid for. Again, when it fell to the lot of the same Captain M—e to command his Majesty's ship B—k, of twenty-four guns, she was ordered, in the year 1814, to blockade the port of Boston in the United States of America: she was daily surrounded by American fishermen, many of them decked vessels; they were allowed to pass to their market, enjoying the same freedom that our own fishermen would have had in England, for fishermen are ever respected.

The port of Boston was so vigilantly blockaded by the squadron under the command of Captain M—e, that a vessel (not a fisherman) hardly ever entered; and their coasting trade was so cut up, that they were reduced to the necessity of conveying their goods along the land in open boats, which crept close in shore; but even in this way they could not elude the boats of the B—k, which were not unfrequently found in the enemy's harbours at daybreak.

On several occasions, vessels were brought out of these harbours in ballast; and when this happened, Captain M—e invariably returned them to their masters, provided they could bring forward evidence to show that they were the real owners.

I am safe in saying that there were half-a-dozen instances in six months, of vessels being released under these circumstances: the appeal never was made in vain; and I shall ever look back with pride on those days when war was divested of its horrors, by a man whose heart did honour to his country.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, A MIDSHIPMAN IN 1814.

TO MY MOTHER.

[By Davidson, an American Poet.]

O thou whose care sustained my infant years,
And taught my prattling lip each note of love;
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove;
To thee my lay is due, the simple song,
Which Nature gave me at life's opening day;
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,
Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.
O say, amid this wilderness of life,
What bosom would have throbb'd like thine for me?
Who would have smil'd responsive? who in grief,
Would e'er have felt, and feeling, grieve like thee?
Who would have guarded, with a falcon eye,
Each trembling footstep, or each spot of fear?
Who would have mark'd my bosom bounding high,
And clasp'd me to her heart, with love's bright tear?
Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,
And fann'd, with anxious hand, my burning brow?
Who would have fondly press'd my fever'd lip,
In all the agony of love and woe?
None but a mother—none but one like thee,
Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch,
Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery,
Whose form has felt disease's midwife touch.
Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life,
By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom,
Yes, thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,
That woe hath trac'd thy brow with marks of gloom.
O then, to thee, this rude and simple song,
Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee,
To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,
Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.

CELEBRATED AND CURIOUS CLOCKS.

In a former number of the Journal we presented a brief historical sketch of the origin and nature of instruments for measuring time. We are now enabled to offer some additional and interesting matter on the subject of celebrated and curious clocks, from a treatise on Horology, by E. Henderson (author and delineator of the Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin Astronomical Card Dial, &c.) just published in London.

About the year 1369, an artist, named James Dondi, constructed a clock for the city of Padua, by order of Herbert, Prince of Carara, which was long considered the wonder of that age. This is the first clock on record having its dial-plate divided into twenty-four hours (day and night); but it has been disputed (as is common in all first inventions) whether or not Dondi, who was afterwards called *Horologius*, was the original inventor; this clock, besides indicating the hours, represented the motions of the sun, moon, and planets, and also pointed out the different festivals of the year.

The celebrated clock in the cathedral church of Strasburg, has been long celebrated for the great variety and complication of its movements; it was begun some time in the year 1352, and erected into the spire of the cathedral in the year 1370. The following is a short description of this singular piece of mechanism: On the dial-plate was exhibited a celestial globe, with the motions of the sun, moon, earth, and planets, and the various phases of the moon; also a sort of perpetual almanack, on which the day of the month was pointed out by a statue. It had a golden cock, which on the arrival of every successive hour flapped its wings, stretched forth its neck, and crowed twice! The hour was struck on the bell by a figure representing an angel, who opened a door and saluted a figure of the Virgin Mary. Near him stood another angel, who held an hour-glass, which he turned as soon as it had finished striking. The first quarter of the hour was struck by a child with an apple, the second quarter by a youth with an arrow, the third quarter by a man with the tip of his staff, and the fourth and last quarter by an old man with his crutch. This celebrated clock has, however, been much altered from the original, if not entirely renewed, by Conrad Dasypodius, professor of mathematics in the University of Strasburg. It was finished in the space of three years, having been begun in May 1571, and finished June 24th, 1574. After it was replaced in the spire of the cathedral, it exhibited the following particulars:—The basement of the clock showed three dial-plates, one of which was round, and made up of several concentric circles; the two interior ones perform their revolutions in a year, and thus serve as a calendar; the two lateral dial-plates are squares, and serve to indicate the eclipses of the sun and moon. Above the middle dial-plate, the days of the week are represented by different divinities, supposed to preside

over the planets, from which their common appellations are derived. The divinity of the current day appears in a car rolling over the clouds, and at midnight retires to give place to the succeeding one. Before the basement a globe is displayed, borne on the wings of a pelican, round which the sun and moon are made to revolve, and consequently represents the motion of those bodies. The ornamental turret above said basement exhibits a large dial in the form of an astrolabe, which shows the annual motion of the sun and moon through the ecliptic, as also the hours of the day, &c. The phases of the moon are also marked on a dial-plate above. Over this dial-plate are represented the four ages of man by symbolical figures, one of which passes every quarter of an hour, and marks this division of time by striking on small bells (as in the old clock). Two angels are also seen in motion, one striking a bell with a sceptre, while the other turns an hour-glass at the expiration of every hour. This celebrated clock has lately undergone repair.

According to Dr Derham, the oldest English made clock extant is the one placed in the principal turret of the Palace Royal, Hampton Court, near London; it was constructed in the year 1540, by a maker of the initials of N. O.

Sometime about the year 1560, the celebrated Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe, was in possession of four clocks, which indicated the hours, minutes, and seconds; the largest of which had only three wheels, one of which was about three feet in diameter, and had 1200 teeth in it; a proof that clockwork was then in a very imperfect state. Tycho, however, observed that there were some irregularities in the going of his clocks, which depended upon the changes of the atmosphere; but he does not appear to have known how such an effect was produced, so as to apply some remedy to cure the evil.

Moestlin had a clock in the year 1577, so constructed as to make just 2528 beats in an hour, 146 of which were counted during the sun's passage over a meridian, or azimuth line, and thereby determined his diameter to be 34' 13"; so the science of astronomy began thus early to be promoted by clockwork; and as clocks first promoted the study of astronomy, it will be observed that astronomy in its turn gave rise to some of the most essential improvements in clockwork, and that the arts and sciences were more and more cultivated as improvements in clockwork kept pace with them, and employed the talents of the most ingenious men of every succeeding age.

From the period in which the last mentioned clock by Moestlin was constructed, there is nothing further in clockwork worthy of being remarked, until the time of the celebrated Huygens, who is said to have been the first who applied the pendulum to regulate the motions of a clock. The period in which the pendulum was first applied to clockwork was somewhere about the year 1657; this period, therefore, constitutes an era the most important in horological machinery. It may be here remarked, that the clock by Huygens differed very little in its internal constructions from any of its predecessors, and is only remarkable by having a pendulum attached to it. Shortly after the application of the pendulum, it was observed to vibrate much quicker in a warm situation than in a cold one, being subject also to the ever varying density of the atmosphere; it is therefore subject to some irregularities in its vibrations; and consequently, when communicated to the hands or indexes, they did not point to the true mean time. The expansion of metals by heat, and their contraction by cold, had been understood, and in some degree accounted for, as early as the year 1648; but up till the year 1715, nothing to any purpose had been put into practice to reduce this evil. Some time in the year 1715, Graham, the celebrated clockmaker, London, commenced a series of experiments on the expansion of the several metals; he found their expansion and contraction to be of such small value, that he determined to give a column of mercury a trial, and, in the year 1721, happily brought this excellent construction and arrangement of the pendulum to such a state of perfection, that, as an approximate regulator, it certainly cannot be surpassed. From this period down to the present time, the most essential improvements in the art have almost solely consisted in escapements and pendulums. In the history of the construction of compensation pendulums, the names of the following celebrated men stand conspicuous:—Graham, Ellicott, Harrison, Smeaton, Ward, Reld, Benzenberg, Ritchie, Deparcieux, Martin, Baily, and Captain Kater. To this latter gentleman is due the merit of discovering, by experiment alone, the centre of oscillation of a compound pendulum, according to a method of universal application, and admitting of mathematical precision.

Mr Ferguson, in his Select Mechanical Exercises, describes two very curious clocks of his invention and construction; namely, a clock for showing the mean apparent diurnal motions of the sun and moon, the age and phases of the moon, with the mean time of her meridian passage, and the times of high and low water; all of these particulars being exhibited by having only two wheels and one pinion added to the common clock movement; in this clock the figure of the sun serves as an hour index, by going round the dial in 24 hours, and a figure of the moon goes round in 24 hours 50 minutes, being nearly the period of her revolution in the heavens from any meridian to the same meridian again. It has been remarked, that this clock must have been modelled by Mr Ferguson from the fashion of

the celebrated clock at Hampton Court. The other clock by Mr Ferguson is an astronomical one, showing the mean apparent diurnal motions of the sun, moon, and stars, with the mean times of their rising, southing, and setting; the places of the sun and moon in the ecliptic, and the age and phases of the moon for every day in the year.

It is now time to mention a clock of almost miraculous properties, constructed by a Genevan mechanic of the name of Droz, toward the end of the last century. The clock in question was so constructed as to be capable of performing the following surprising movements (if the account can be credited):—There was exhibited on it a negro, a shepherd, and a dog. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog approached and fawned upon him. This clock was exhibited to the king of Spain, who was greatly delighted with it. "The gentleness of my dog," said Droz, "is his least merit. If your majesty touch one of the apples which you see in the shepherd's basket, you will admire the fidelity of this animal." The king took an apple, and the dog flew at his hand, and barked so loud, that the king's dog, which was in the same room during the exhibition, began to bark also; at this, the courtiers, not doubting that it was an affair of witchcraft, hastily left the room, crossing themselves as they went out. The minister of marine, who was the only one who ventured to stay behind, having desired him to ask the negro what o'clock it was, the minister staid, but he obtained no reply. Droz then observed, that the negro had not yet learned Spanish, upon which the minister repeated the question in French, and the black immediately answered him. At this new prodigy the firmness of the minister also forsook him, and he retreated precipitately, declaring that it must be the work of a supernatural being.

The last clock which I shall mention at present is one which I contrived and executed some five or six years ago. It shows the hour of the day, the mean time of the rising, southing, and setting of the sun and moon, the moon's age and phases throughout the year (by having a horizon which expands and contracts by means of the complicated wheelwork), the day of the month, the mean time of the sun's entering into the zodiacal signs, sidereal and solar year, and, consequently, the precession of the equinoxes, which in the clock has a slow backward motion through the ecliptic in 25,920 years; the flux and reflux of the tides are also exhibited in the arc of the dial-plate; the movement contains somewhere about 56 wheels, 16 pinions, 9 levers for various uses, and about 130 moveable pieces; it goes for eight days, has what is called a dead beat escapement, and goes while winding up.

Horology is a branch of knowledge most intimately connected with astronomy, navigation, and chronology, and its usefulness is found linked more or less with all of the most important branches of science. Without a proper understanding of horology, the mariner could not with safety plough the ocean; he could not calculate with accuracy his distance from land; and, in fine, without horology, history would appear without dates, and even the more common affairs of domestic life would run into confusion. The clock of early times was of very rude construction; and it would seem from what remains of their history, that a loss or gain of five, ten, twenty, or more minutes per day, was not much regarded; and if it kept within these wide bounds, the horologe was looked upon as "a miracle of art." But now, in modern times, when the art of horology has risen to such perfection that in astronomical clocks, with compensation pendulums of right principles, a gain or loss of five minutes in a year would by no means answer the present advanced state of the sublime science of astronomy, neither would it in this state much further the art of navigation, in the prediction of a ship's way on the ocean. From the duplicate of an official statement now lying before me, it is stated that the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, having advertised a premium of £300 for the best chronometer which should be kept at Greenwich Observatory for trial for one year, thirty-six were forwarded by the principal chronometer makers in London, and were kept during the year 1823. It was announced that if any chronometer varied six seconds, it could not obtain the prize at the end of the year. The chronometer marked 816 gained the prize, having kept time for many months within "one second and one eleven-hundredth part of a second!" This is certainly the best chronometer on record. Such perfection was never before attained, and it justly excited the astonishment of all astronomers, and of the Board of Admiralty.

PERSEVERANCE.

ONE of the most extraordinary and the best attested instances of enthusiasm, existing in conjunction with perseverance, is related of the founder of the F— family. This man, who was a fiddler living near Stourbridge, was often witness of the immense labour and loss of time caused by dividing the rods of iron necessary in the process of making nails. The discovery of the process called splitting, in works called splitting-mills, was first made in Sweden; and the consequences of this advance in art were most disastrous to the manufacturers of iron about Stourbridge. F—the fiddler was shortly missed from his accustomed rounds, and was not again seen for many years. He had mentally resolved to ascertain by what means the process of splitting bars of iron was accomplished; and without communicating his intention to a single hu-

man being, he proceeded to Hull, and, without funds, worked his passage to the Swedish iron port. Arrived in Sweden, he begged and fiddled his way to the iron foundries, where he, after a time, became a universal favourite with the workmen; and from the apparent entire absence of intelligence, or any thing like ultimate object, he was received into the works, to every part of which he had access. He took the advantage thus offered, and, having stored his memory with observations, and all the combinations, he disappeared from amongst his kind friends as he had appeared, no one knew whence or whither. On his return to England, he communicated his voyage and its result to Mr Knight and another person in the neighbourhood, with whom he was associated, and by whom the necessary buildings were erected, and machinery provided. When at length every thing was prepared, it was found that the machinery would not act; at all events, it did not answer the sole end of its erection—it would not split the bar of iron. F— disappeared again; it was concluded shame and mortification at his failure had driven him away for ever. Not so: again, though somewhat more speedily, he found his way to the Swedish iron-works, where he was received most joyfully, and, to make sure of their fiddler, he was lodged in the splitting-mill itself. Here was the very aim and end of his life attained, beyond his utmost hope. He examined the works, and very soon discovered the cause of his failure. He now made drawings, or rude tracings; and having abided an ample time to verify his observations, and to impress them clearly and vividly on his mind, he made his way to the port, and once more returned to England. This time he was completely successful, and by the results of his experience enriched himself and greatly benefited his countrymen.—*Paragraph in Sun newspaper.*

A SPEEDY ACQUAINTANCESHIP.—Friendships and acquaintanceships are soon formed in the western parts of America. Mr Sherriff, in his tour, more than once met with acts of kindness from entire strangers. Travelling one evening on foot, "I passed (says he) two individuals conversing on the prairie, to whom I nodded, a practice universal in all country places of the States I visited. After proceeding a short distance, one of the persons overtook me, and commenced conversation. 'Sir, you are a European?' 'Yes.' 'And an Englishman?' 'No; I am a Scotchman.' 'You are at a great distance from your own country?' 'I am, but the sight of this beautiful one has repaid me for the journey.' 'You are a mechanic?' 'No; I have been a farmer from my youth upwards.' 'What induced you to come here?' 'We farmers in Scotland, finding ourselves uncomfortably situated, desire to emigrate to this country, the accounts of which being contradictory, I resolved to see it personally.' The old gentleman descended from his horse, with sparkling eyes, shook me by the hand, saying, 'In me you have found a friend.' There was something in the man's expression and warmth of manner so unexpected in this part of the world, that I asked if he was from Scotland. He said his name was Humphries, originally from Pennsylvania, his parents being of Welsh extraction. I was pressed to pass the night at his house, and on declining to do so, agreed to breakfast with him next morning. I found the old gentleman, and what I supposed two daughters, expecting my arrival. The house contained several apartments, in one of which were some dozens of books on a shelf. Mr Humphries appeared verging on seventy. We walked over the farm, and after partaking of excellent melons, I took leave about noon, much gratified with my visit, and with the kindest invitations to visit him or his family at a future period."

THE ELEPHANT.—The following curious illustration of the peculiar sagacity of this animal was brought under my notice at this place:—A few days before my arrival at Enon, a troop of elephants came down one dark and rainy night close to the outskirts of the village. The missionaries heard them bellowing and making an extraordinary noise, for a long time, at the upper end of the orchard; but knowing well how dangerous it is to encounter these animals in the night, they kept close within their houses till day-break. Next morning, on examining the spot where they had heard the elephants, they discovered the cause of all this nocturnal uproar. There was at this spot a ditch, or trench, about five or six feet in width and twelve in depth, which the industrious missionaries had recently cut through the bank of the river, on purpose to lend out the water to irrigate some part of their garden ground, and to drive a corn-mill. Into this trench, which was still unfinished and without water, one of the elephants had evidently fallen, for the marks of his feet were distinctly visible at the bottom, as well as the impress of his huge body on its sides. How he had got in, it was easy to imagine; but how, being once in, he had ever contrived to get out again, was the marvel. By his own unaided efforts, it seemed almost impossible for such an animal to have extricated himself. Could his comrades, then, have assisted him? There appeared little doubt that they had; though by what means, unless by pulling him up with their trunks, it would not be easy to conjecture. And in corroboration of this supposition, on examining the spot myself, I found the edges of the trench deeply indented with numerous vestiges, as if the other elephants had stationed themselves on either side, some of them kneeling, and others on their feet, and had

thus, by united efforts, hoisted their unlucky brother out of the pit.—*Pringle's African Sketches.*

WEBSTER THE AMERICAN ORATOR.—Daniel Webster is the son of a New Hampshire farmer. He was sent to Dartmouth College in Vermont, with his elder brother, at the usual age; where he was considered absolutely incapable of comprehending a lesson. His elder brother (who is now an inferior state judge, was the first scholar of his year, took the first honours, and was ushered into the world as a man of irresistible talent. Daniel returned home in disgrace, and went to work in his father's woods like a common labourer. He passed two or three years thus; and then, to the surprise of every body, and with the opposition of his family, he undertook the study of the law. His plea undeceived his friends. He soon became known, and was sent to the legislature of his own state, and afterwards removed to Boston, the capital of New England, where, as a lawyer, he carried every thing before him. This is one of the many existing proofs that an inaptitude for school learning—as learning is gone—is by no means indicative of an absence of genius. The dullest scholars often make the brightest men, at least they are not the least successful in the business of life.

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.—After Frederick's accession to the throne, he paid very little attention either to the adorning of his own person, or to that of the individuals honoured with his conversation. As to himself, he had only one pair of stockings, which he wore once a-year, on the occasion of the queen's birthday, when an entertainment was given at her palace. M. Thiebault, one of the professors of the Royal Academy, who has left behind him several interesting accounts of his conversations with the king, relates, that, having once waited on Frederick, when summoned in a hurry, in his travelling dress, he offered a humble apology for the negligence of his attire. "On hearing my excuses," says Thiebault, "he turned his eyes towards me with a look of disdain, and said, 'You know well enough I never attend to such miserable considerations as these. Observe me: when I send for you, you may be as neglectful as you please about your dress, and I shall give you little concern; but do not forget to bring your head, and I shall be satisfied; I want only your head.'"

AN OLD OPINION ON LOVE.—It is a pretty old thing, this same love; an excellent company keeper, full of gentleness and affability; makes men fine, and goes cleanly; teacheth them good qualities, handsome protestations; and if the ground be not too barren, bringeth forth rimes and songs full of passion enough to procure crossed arms and the hat pulled down; yea, it is a very fine thing, the badge of eighteen and upwards, not to be disallowed; better spend thy time than at dice. I am content to call this love, though I hold love too worthy a cement to joyne earth to earth, the one must be celestial, or else it is not love.—*William Cornwallis's Essays, 1631.*

DEATH COMPARATIVE.—An ironmonger who by a shop in the High Street of Edinburgh, and sold gunpowder and shot, when asked by any ignorant person in what respect patent shot (at that time a new article) surpassed the old kind, "Oh, sir," he would answer, "it shoots deader."

NOTICE.

MANY of our readers must be aware, long ere this sheet came out, that an injunction was taken out by the proprietor of "The Pirate and Three Cutters" against the publication of No. 110 of the Journal, on account of its containing an extract from the work. We take this opportunity—the earliest of stating, the extract was made in a very different spirit from that which it has, unfortunately, been regarded by the proprietors of the book. We are entreated by many publishers to present specimens of the books which issue from their warehouses, at where we can do so, with a proper regard to the interests of our own work and its readers, we generally comply with the request. It is the direct purpose of various periodical works to give critical notices of new books, with extracts; and many other circumstances have concurred to assure us, that, in following a practice so common, we were not only safe from the dread gripe of a law, but doing that which was likely to advance the interests of our mercantile, as well as our literary brethren. It was with the best intentions towards Mr Heath's beautiful publication that we presented a portion of its pages, along with a commendatory notice; and our readers may therefore judge with what surprise we learned the different feeling with which the transaction was regarded by that gentleman, and the pain with which we observed the attempts made by other parties, engaged in interests supposed to be inconsistent with ours, to make it the means of conveying an unfavourable moral impression to the world. As the matter has been settled amicably, we refrain from making further comment upon it, than that we have too much confidence in the relation which we have established with our readers, to fear any effect from the unworthy attempts which have been collaterally made to give the injunction a meaning beyond that which it properly bears.

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